

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. That's the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtiethouſand.

Hot. Fourtie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Scene 2. Enter *Falſtalffe* and *Bardoll*.

Falſ. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conventry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-co-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
tie, take them all Pleaſure the coynage; bid my Lieutenant
Peto meete me a Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell, *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I
haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none
but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out con-
tracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been aſkt twice on the Banes;
ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the
Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuier, worſe
then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſſe me none but
ſuch Toſts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger
then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and
now

Henry the

now, my whole charge conſiſtes of
tenants, Gentlemen of companies
in the painted Cloth where the Gl
and ſuch as indeed were neuer So
Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yo
ſters and Oſtlers trade-falne, the C
long peace, ten times more diſho
faczde Ancient; and ſuch haue I
as haue bought out their ſeruices,
had a hundred and fiſtie tottered
Swine-keeping, from eating draſſ
met me on the way, and told me I
and preſt the dead bodies. No eye
Ille not march through *Conventry* w
the villaines march wide betwixt
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of th
a Shirt and a halfe in all my com
two Napkins tackt togeather, and
like a Hearalds coate without ſlee
truth, ſholne from my Hoſt of S
keeper of *Daninty*: but that's
enough on euery Hedge,

Enter the Prince, and the Lord

Prin. How now blowne Jack

Fal. What *Hal*? How now ma
in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of W
thought your honour had alread

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more
and you too; but my powers are t
tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I a
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame
ready made thee butter: but tell m
theſe that come after?

Falſ. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittif

Falſ. Tut, tut, good enough to